A Maiden-Head Ill Bestowed;

OR,

A New Dialogue betwixt Kind *Jenny* of the *Lough*,
And Unkind *Jockey* of the *Lee*.

Jenny to *Jockey* had been kind,
But *Jockey* Wavers like the Wind;
Jenny her shame would gladly hide,
And fain would be made *Jockey's* Bride:
But *Jockey* he in great disdain,
Slights her, which makes her thus complain

To the Tune of, *Would* Jenny *were here again.*

Jenny.

O Jockey thou art the Lad,
that I have lenkt so lang,
Which makes my Heart full sad,
and down my Head I hang
O whether shall Jenny gang,
if Jockey prove false to me
Their's no're a way left but one,
that is to ligg down and dee
that is to ligg down and dee.

Jockey.

O Jenny what ails thee now,
to mack the doleful din;
I never did make a vow,
I value thee not a pin:
Not whether I loose or win,
then prethee do not complain
To tattle do not begin,
but gitt thee geane heame again,
but gitt thee geane heame again.

Jenny.

Sure Jockey thou art not wild,
to ask me what I ails;
Thou kenns thou me beguild,
amidst the Garth of kale:
Betide in the Milky Dale,
and many a Corner by,
Then Marry me without fail,
or *Jenny* for greif will dye,
or *Jenny* for grief will dye.

Jockey.

Shame ay the tale thou tells,
what though in the Garth we plaid,
Must ev'ry young Lad that melt's,
the talk of the Town be made;
I think thou was largely paid,
for ganging alang with me.
Then leave off thy dealeing Trade,
or prithee ligg downe and dee,
o prithee ligg downe and dee.

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Jenny.

FAlse loone, thou kenns right weele,
to thee I have beene kind,
And ever as true as Steel,
how dareſt thou change thy mind:
Thy craftineſſe now I find,
becauſe that my Gaand is ſmall,
If my Kirtle with Gold were lin'd,
then thou wouldſt ha me and all,
then thou wouldſt ha me and all.

Jockey.

'Tis not for thy Garth I gang,
O Jenny I'me not like Blade,
As I'me a true Gentleman,
the Laſſe that I love t'le have:
And ſhe ſhall go wondrous brave,
as any Laſſe on the Lee:
Then do not thou bawle and rave,
for *Jenny* I'le none of thee,
O *Jenny* I'le none of thee.

Jenny.

Thou kenns that I have a Reele,
a Spindle, I and a Rock,
I and a new dainty Wheele,
to Spin me a Hempen Smock:
With ſomething beneath my Dock,
which many times thou didſt find,
Then prithee do not me mock,
But Jockey to me prove kind,
O *Jockey* to, &c.

Jockey.

To tell me of all thy pelfe,
O Jenny thou doſt amiſſe,
I cannot Imbrace thy ſelf,
I muſt have a Laſſe to Kiſſe:
For Moggy, or Sue, or Siſs,
ſo that ſhe be kind and free,
Then tell me no more of this,
for *Jenny* I'le none of thee,
O *Jenny*, &c.

Jenny.

O Jockey if e're thou came,
or Sprang from Womans race,
Leake now on my riſeing Weame,
and do not thy ſelf diſgrace,
But pitty my woeful caſe,
for Love take pitty on me,
All Maidens will call the baſe,
if I do lig downe and dee,
O if I do, &c.

Jockey.

O tell me not of thy Weame,
but buſk it bonnily downe,
It was for the nones thou came,
and followed me from the Towne:
Sure I was not like a Clowne,
to let the gang Seame ſo free:
Then prithee leave of to frowne,
for *Jenny* I'le none of thee,
O *Jenny* I'le none of thee.

Jenny.

O falſe deceitful wretch,
and is thy heart ſo baſe,
To leave me in the lurch,
and in this woeful caſe,
Would I had ne're ſeen thy face,
that tempted me o're the Lee;
But now it's for want of grace,
that I muſt ligg downe and dee,
O that I muſt, &c.

Concluſion.

Then Maidens all beware,
how young-men you doe truſt,
And have a ſpecial care,
of yeilding to their Luſt:
For honour laid in the duſt,
can not be recall'd you ſee,
But then at the laſt you muſt,
with *Jenny* ligg downe and dee,
O with *Jenny* ligg downe and dee.

FINIS.

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